

"Loves so much?"  
as it, too, a Heavenly origin?  
Let every freeman of the North, especially  
a Democrat of Michigan, commit the sentiment  
General C., for it is a beautiful one!  
Booster, O. W. H. TAYLOR.

For the National Era.

PORTRAITS FOR THE PEOPLE.  
 BY JOHN SMITH THE YOUNGER.  
 —  
 NEW SERIES.  
 No. 1.  
 THE "SUCCESSFUL" STATESMAN.  
 CHAPTER IV.  
 was indeed with a heavy heart and downcast  
 that Mr. Marshall proceeded to the Capitol.  
 After year he had struggled against that po-  
 tual influence which he was but too well assur-  
 ed that day to achieve another triumph over  
 and liberty; and, as he reviewed the past,  
 spirit sunk within him. One by one, the few  
 haries who had entered the field of conflict  
 H. and dis-

at the hopelessness of the struggle became great. Most of the men were yielding in the onslaught against the enemy.

Washington was in a state of excitement. A great day on which the fate of the important question had been discussed for several weeks. The House was to be decided. The patriotic House had been stimulated and excited. All sorts of rumors with regard to the course several shrewd politicians who had not yet given decided indication of their course on the question of the whippersnappers. The ladies were busy in all directions. Even the ladies became actively engaged in electioneering for us, and strange stories were whispered here and there to the discredit of certain fair ones who had been pretty conspicuous in the new field of feminine ingenuity and manu-

hour; and even the poor claimants, who had been dancing attendance on lay committee-men the last six months, smitten with an unwonted sympathy, forgot for the time their own sorrows, and suffered the private calendar to be set aside unto a single sigh.

The galleries of both Houses were crowded to capacity, long before the usual hour at which the great day commences. Even the floor of the Senate Chamber had been crowded, and the official stubbornness of the door-keepers not proof against the blandishments of the fair ladies that assailed them; and amongst which I noticed the lady of the *Illustrated London News* of that time. It was, indeed, a most animated scene. The rustling of silks and satins; the chatting of the gay and giddy crowd; the struggling

ma or chaperon mingling with the merry  
 throng of romping girls, delighted with the con-  
 ceit; the rivalry of antiquated poets and beard-  
 ed bachelors; the heated and excited voices of poli-  
 ticians engaged in anxious speculation as to the  
 probable results of that day's session—all conspi-  
 cuous life and character to the scene.  
 Dear me, what a crowd!<sup>10</sup>  
 Who's that old man with the green specta-  
 cles?<sup>11</sup>  
 Is that Calhoun?<sup>12</sup>  
 Oh! do, dear, good Mr. Green, get us a seat.<sup>13</sup>  
 My new bonnet is ruined!<sup>14</sup>  
 What a lovely creature!<sup>15</sup>  
 Oh! I must pass.<sup>16</sup>  
 Gentlemen don't press so—allow the ladies to  
 —this way, ladies!<sup>17</sup>

What a funny looking creature that is in the  
pale velvet dress!  
How can a man in these United States?  
That was a tall speech in the House yester-  
day is a specimen of the conversation that might  
be heard throughout the crowded assem-  
bly. On the floor, they were par-  
ticularly noisy, whilst the few Senators who had  
entered the Chamber and their male friends were  
usually silent. It was one of the most intelli-  
gent circumstances of the occasion. It showed  
the spirit of intrigue was particularly active.  
rays, when most talkative and most good-  
natured, women are most bent on mischief of some  
kind or other. On the contrary, when anti-  
social, like a disinterested

One by one the famous men of that

reached the Chamber, and, as each took his seat, his name was buzzed about amongst the members of the Council. The man of the East—dark, massive, the great man of the East—dark—of massive form—slow-moving—stern—impressive as one of his native hills of granite—frowning darkly amid the thunder clouds of the storm—New Englanders, and the men of the South—every way one of the most remarkable men of his time—tall, spare, stern-faced, eagle-eyed—a man dwelling much apart in all pride and coldness of a mighty intellect. The great, the greatest of the great—men of some other idols of the nations, by no means so lovely—commonplace enough when in repose, but glowing with enthusiasm and living life—glowing and engaged in that great scene of the world.

He attracted the keen attention of the crowd; all these men of letters and of law, who had passed through training and the inevitable cautions now encountering the privations and perils which await the adventurer beyond the farthest frontier of civilization; and now carrying all before them in the struggle for the struggle for the struggle for the struggle. Bold, not over scrupulous, rugged men—well practiced in debate, and not particularly tender in dealing with opponents—who, having served a busy apprenticeship in Territorial and State legislatures, and not content with that, had sought the heavier work of that Chamber. Not least among them was a Senator from old Kentucky, formidable antagonist he, in the incidental tilings of a hot debate! Keen, vigilant, and relentless, his voice always ringing in the ears of the woodman's axe, ringing amid the silent

Louder and louder resounded the hum of conversation throughout the thronging crowds that filled the chamber, and besieged the vestibule and the corridors began to be impatiently impatient, pressing like a storm against the barriers, and venting their displeasure that the curtain still remained undrawn. They had no consideration for the thousand difficulties which impeded the business of the managers. The managers, however, were not at all in a hurry to draw the curtain. The "properties" were not all in order—there were scenes to be shifted—the manager was perhaps not yet upon the spot—there were abundant reasons for the delay. At last, the heavy clock, which was more than a mere ornament, proclaimed that noon-day had arrived, and the ex-plain of the Senate made his appearance in

evity, and the business of the day commenced. Meanwhile, the great Statesman had reached the Capitol, and was actively engaged in the completion of his work. As he moved about in the corridors, he followed the gaze of the eyes of hundreds, who regarded him as the greatest martyr of that day in the cause of the People. His many sacrifices in the public service—his unflinching devotion to the most unpopular and unkindly cause—his unflinching adherence to his principles—were the themes of general eulogy. Smiling and bowing, he glided about the recesses of the Senate, whispering to this number and that, something new into the ears of the other. He was, equally significant, into those of another. Whether he threatened or entreated—wheeded or bullied—he never changed his bland and

moved to dispense the delightful sunshine of official favor; whilst patriots of the House, who had made town halls and open fields, at the expense of their own property, the scene of a triumphing war in high places, basked in the smiles of the Successful! Statesman, warned themselves in the general presence of Executive favor, and gloried in their own martyrdom, they were unmindful of their own masterly biddings, and bowed to their own masterly bidding.

Whilst this distinguished favorite of a discriminating people was thus attracting marked attention, the individual who had been the previous evening, on the same subject, the recipient of the previous evening, and who had been the recipient of the previous evening, now also appeared upon the scene, was altogether unnoticed. He was frequently interrupted by persons in the galleries, who were so situated that the notoriety which he en-

ed was by no means a new one. The coarsest epithets of abuse and derision were indeed offered to him in various quarters; and by him who would have been satisfied with the singular verdict thus pronounced, Mr. Marshall had been set down as the sworn enemy of his country, and one of the basest of men. Yet, for all, it does seem as if there is an atmosphere







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**✂ CORRECTION.**—In the notice of the transaction by the Committee, last week, the words, “*in vital points*,” had been marked out in proof, but the erasure was overlooked by the proof-reader.

—♦—

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